

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

15c

HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

and PEBBLES

10006-810
OCTOBER



MOST POWERFUL AIRPLANE

The XB-70A Valkyrie is the most powerful airplane in the world. This delta (triangular) winged experimental bomber weighs 265 tons (530,000 pounds) and is 196 feet long. The distance from wing tip to wing tip (wing span) is 105 feet. It has flown at speeds of Mach 3.0 or 2,000 M.P.H., and as high as 70,000 feet. *The Valkyrie gets its power from six turbojet engines, which have a total thrust or driving force of over 180,000 pounds.*



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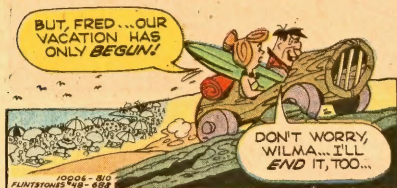
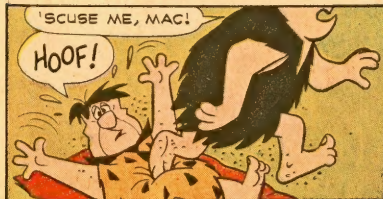
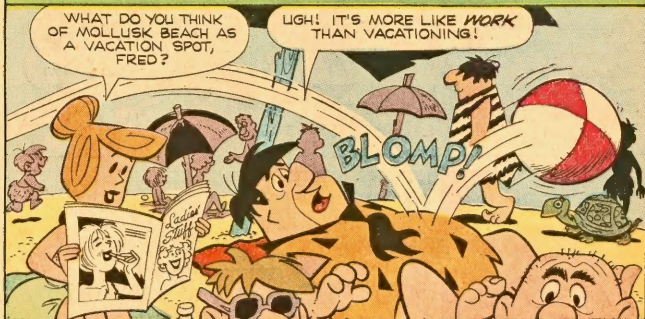
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The Cheerios Kid gets go-power from Cheerios! Like you, he needs a fresh supply of energy every day. And, a breakfast with Cheerios and milk is packed with muscle-building protein and energy for go-power. Get yourself Go. Get Cheerios!



Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES

HOLIDAY HASSLE



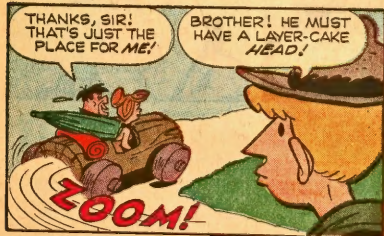
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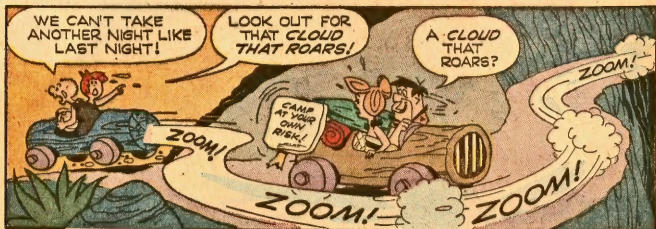
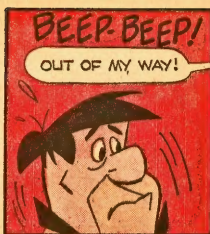
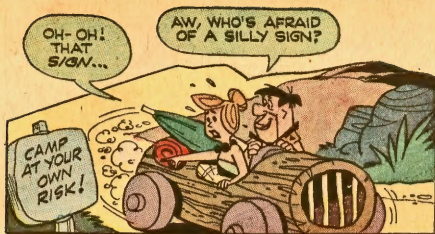
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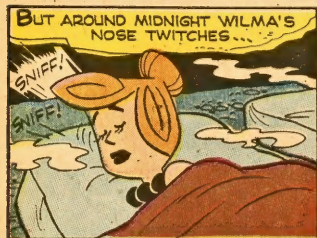
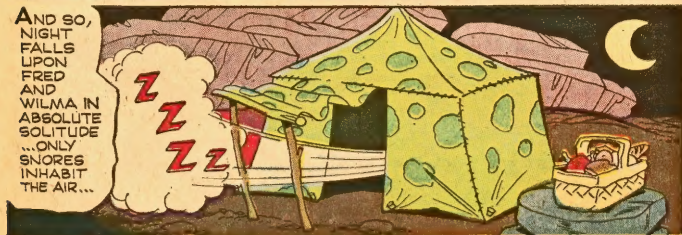
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HEY...OUR **WHOLE BASKET** OF
FOOD IS STEAMING HOT!

H-HOW COULD
THAT HAPPEN?

THERE'S NOBODY
AROUND!

F-FRED...HOW DID
THAT **BIG CLOUD** GET
DOWN HERE?

HAH! YOU KNOW
WHAT I THINK
OF CLOUDS...

ROAR!

ROAR-R!

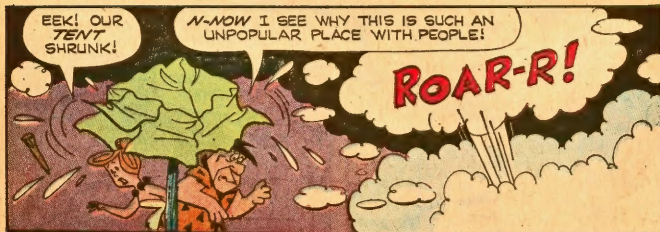
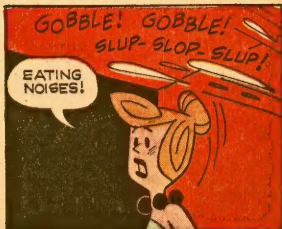
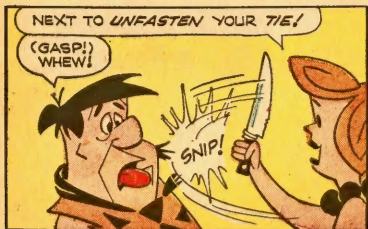
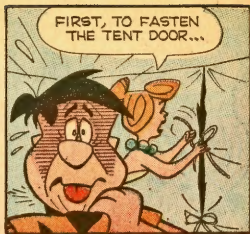
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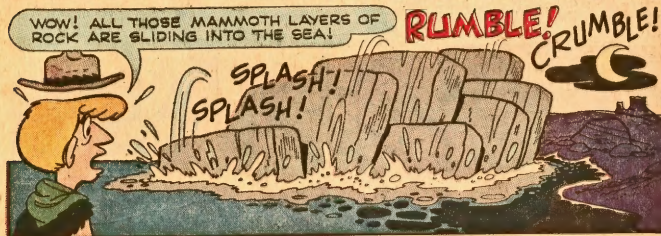
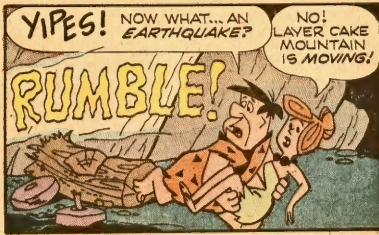
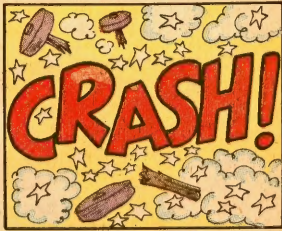
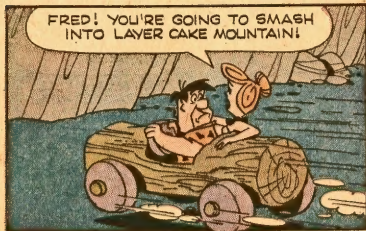
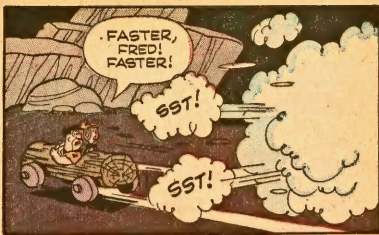
TH-THAT
CLOUD
ROARED
BACK!

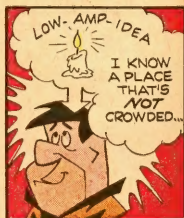
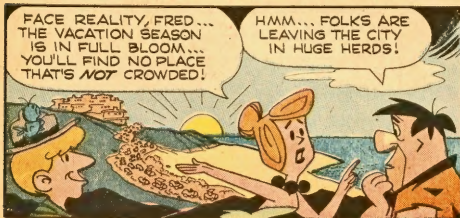
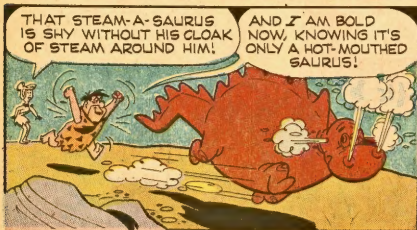
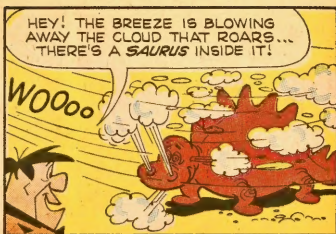
... AND IT BLEW
A BLAST OF
STEAM FOR
BAD MEASURE!

ERK! MY TIE IS **SHRINKING**...
UGH! H-HALP!

NOW I SEE
HOW OUR **FOOD**
GOT COOKED!







Hanna-Barbera **THE FLINTSTONES**
HITTING THE THUMB ON THE NAIL

FRED! EVERY TIME IT RAINS,
OUR CAR LOOKS LIKE A BOAT!
YOU PROMISED TO BUILD A
GARAGE!

I WILL, WILMA!
FIRST SUNNY DAY
THAT COMES ALONG!

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BY POPULAR DEMAND

HEH-HEH! AND BY THAT
TIME, WILMA WILL HAVE
FORGOTTEN!

OH,
FRED...

THAT SUNNY DAY
IS HERE! NOW
GET BUSY!

BAH! IT'S BAD
ENOUGH HAVING
A WIFE WORKING
AGAINST YOU! NOW
THE WEATHERMAN
IS ON HER SIDE!

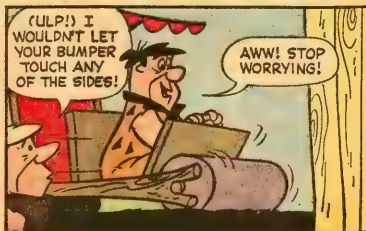
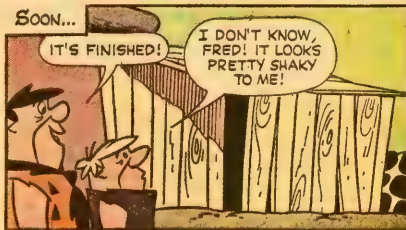
ER... MAYBE WE DO
NEED A GARAGE,
THOUGH! I'LL DRIVE
DOWN AND GET SOME
BUILDING MATERIALS!

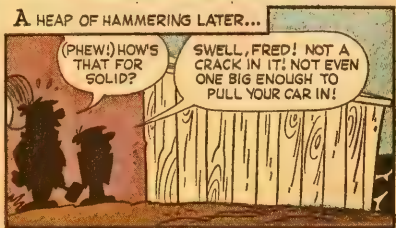
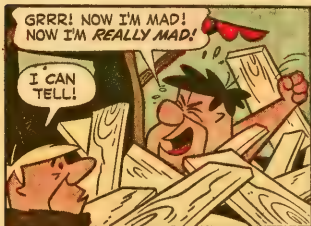
SPLASH!

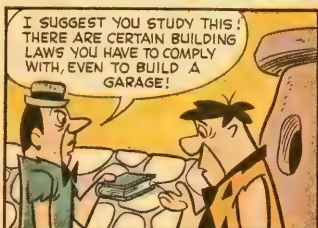
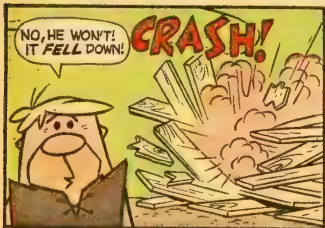
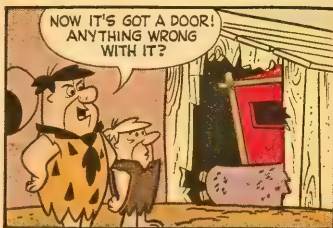
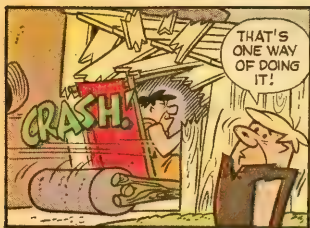
LATER...

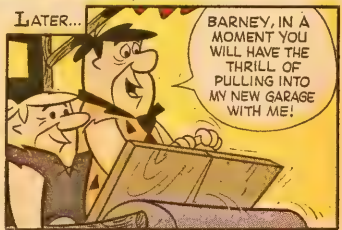
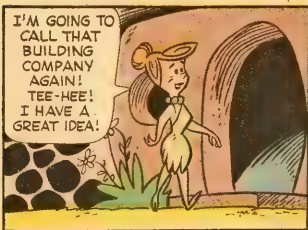
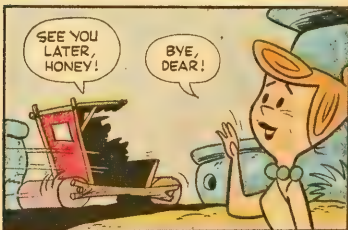
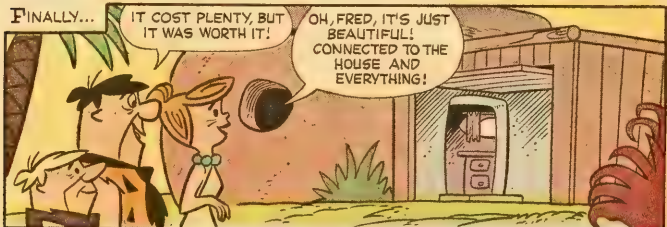
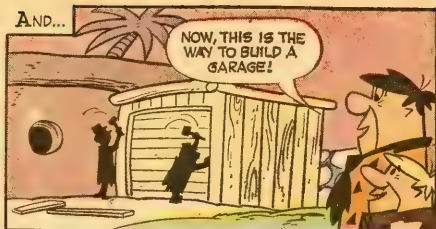
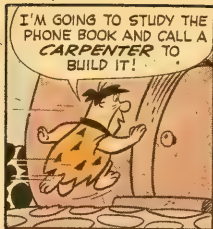


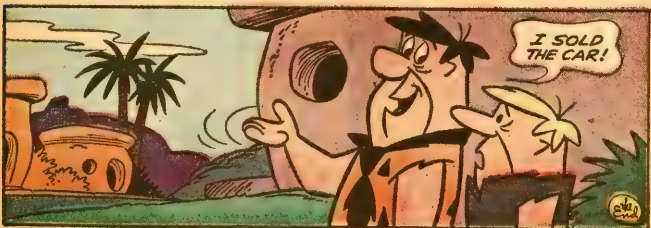
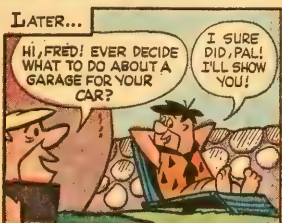
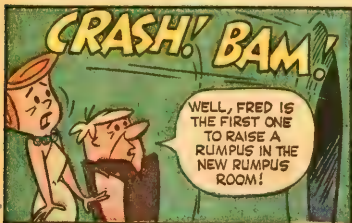
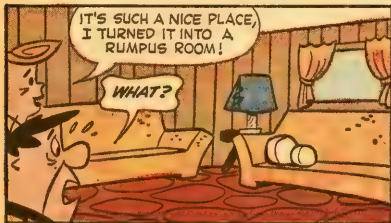
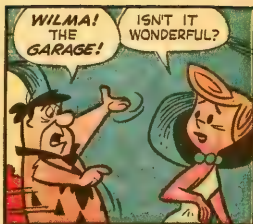
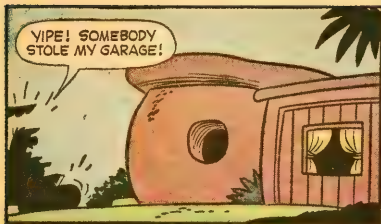
SOON...











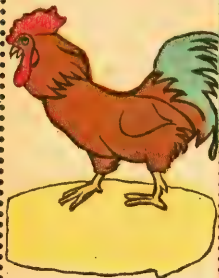
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COMICS**

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MR. ROOSTER



Roy Newsome
King, North Carolina

OSTRICH

Tenna Lohr
Millersburg, Pennsylvania



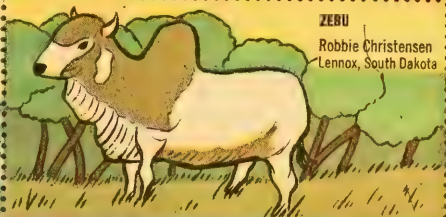
OPOSSUM



Ray Walton
Cedar Falls, Iowa

ZEBU

Robbie Christensen
Lennox, South Dakota



FRISKY LAMB

Everett Toppins
St. Louis, Missouri



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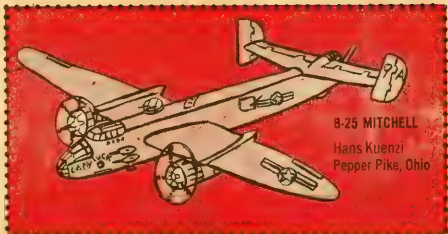
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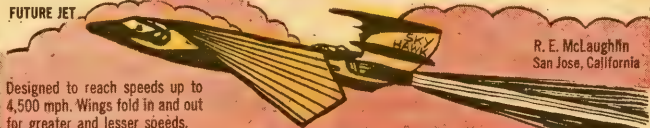
B-25 MITCHELL
Hans Kuenzi
Pepper Pike, Ohio

MODERN JET



Glendon Gray
Aurora, Missouri

FUTURE JET



R. E. McLaughlin
San Jose, California

Designed to reach speeds up to 4,500 mph. Wings fold in and out for greater and lesser speeds.



DOUGLAS DC-8

Neill Jeffrey
Wabush, Newfoundland,
Canada

FLYING TIGER

Chris Leighton
Portland, Maine



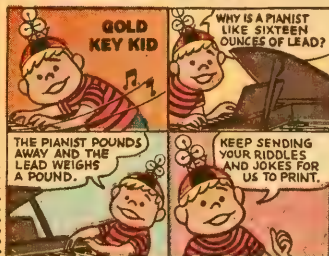
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JOKES ON YOU



KNOCK KNOCK!
Who's There?

Anna.
Anna who?
Anna body can play this game.

Steve Jones—Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Willis who?
Willis rain never stop?

Jan Dennison—Forest Hills, New York

Goliath who?
Goliath down, you lookith tired.

Susan Burrows—Miami Shores, Florida

Paul who?
Paulez-vous francais?

Danny Green—Yonkers, New York

Riddle: What day of the week do witches like best?

Answer: Flyday.

Eloise Sebbby—Aurora, Illinois

Sam: Excuse me, but I think you are sitting in my seat.

Big Bruiser: Can you prove it?

Sam: I think so—if my pie and ice cream are on it.

Scott Laudeman—Anchorage, Alaska

Teacher: Goodness, Gus—haven't you finished washing the blackboard yet? You've been working on it for over an hour!

Gus: I know, but the more I wash it the blacker it gets!

Linda Serocki—Pekasie, Pennsylvania

Star light
Star bright
I wish I may, I wish I might—
Forget it—it's a satellite.

Mike Anderson—Woodburn, Oregon

Riddle: Why is it wrong to whisper?

Answer: Because it's not aloud (allowed).

Charyce Adams—North Bay, Ontario, Canada

Riddle: What nation always wins in the end?

Answer: Determination.

Michael Le Faucl—New Orleans, Louisiana

Kathy: What happens to a duck when it flies upside down?

Ruth: It quacks up.

Ruth Mengwasser—Jefferson City, Missouri

Teacher: John, what is the future of coal?

John: Smoke.

Md. Nooruddoja—Dacca, East Pakistan

Robert: I can walk on my hands.

Nancy: So what—I can walk on my feet.

Nancy Schaeffer—Decatur, Georgia

Man: If I cut across your field, will I catch the 6:30 bus?

Farmer: If my bull sees you, you'll catch the 6:15 bus.

Charolette Elder—Houston, Missouri

Mrs. Pine: It was nice to see you, John. I hope we see more of you.

John: This is all there is of me.

Janice Krueger—Milwaukee, Wisconsin

First Ant: Why are we running on this cracker box?

Second Ant: The sign back there said "Tear along the dotted line."

Hunter Holt—Auburn, Alabama

Riddle: What did the limestone say to the geologist?

Answer: Don't take me for granite.

Michele Horton—Salina, Kansas

Sam: Did you know there is a water shortage in Jamaica?

Bam: Yes. Today I got a letter from my pen pal there and the stamp was pinned on.

Warwick Chang—Clarendon, Jamaica, West Indies

Teacher: Davey, this homework looks as if it was done in your father's handwriting.

Davey: Well—I used his fountain pen.

Bradley Doley—East Saint John, N.B., Canada

Riddle: How does a ghost open a gate?

Answer: With a skeleton key.

Carol Wilson—Bronx, New York

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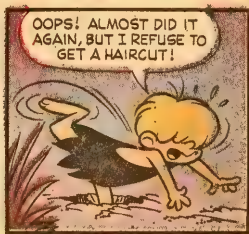
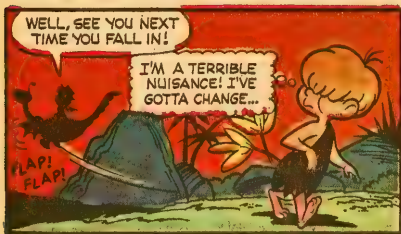
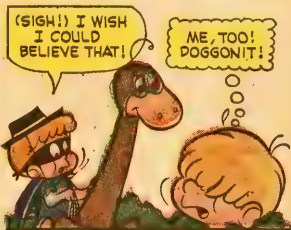
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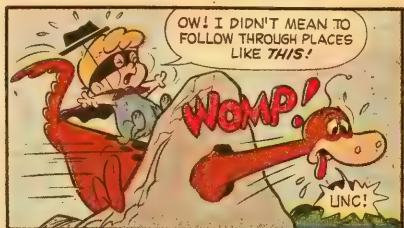
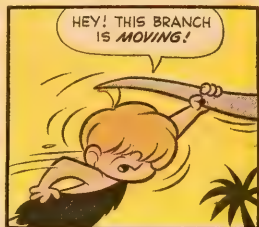
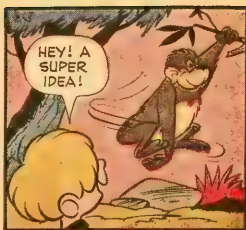
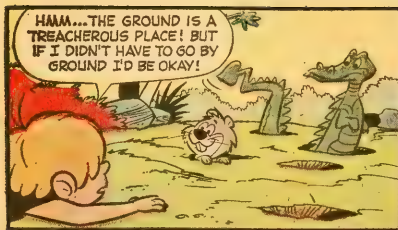
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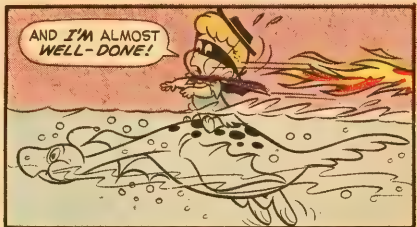
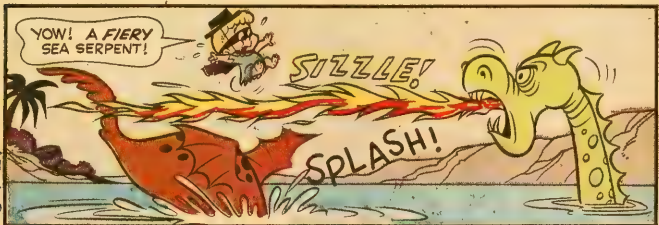
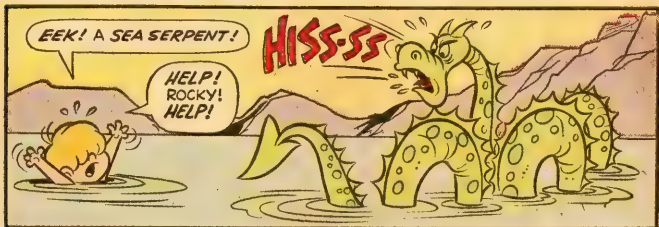
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CAVE KIDS

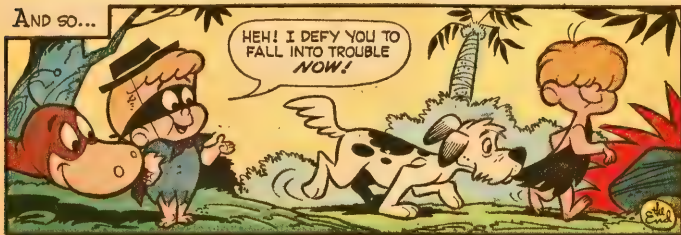
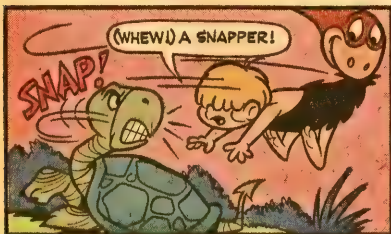
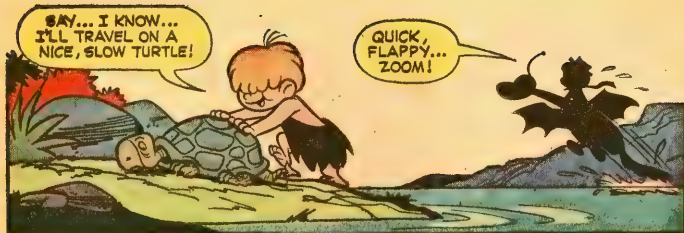
WHEN HELP IS NEEDED, HOLLER FOR A HERO

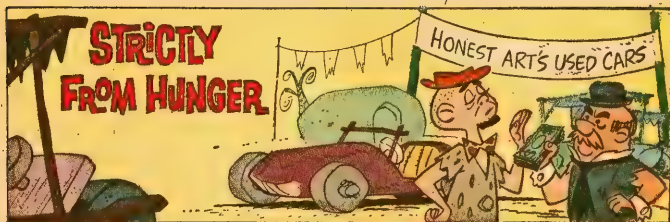
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It was a warm, sunny day as Rodney Rocktop walked down Bedrock's main street. He bent down for a moment to tie his shiny shoe and brush some lint off the pants of his borrowed suit. Straightening his flowered tie, he continued on his way.

Now, at this point I am sure many of our gentle readers are going back to re-read the opening paragraph of our little story. "Rodney wearing a suit and tie?" they are asking themselves. "Could it be true?"

It is true. Rodney, the boy who wore the same faded blue sweatshirt so long that he has a faded blue chest; the boy with the open-soled sandals; the boy who would rather brush with a wild tiger than brush his hair ... Rodney has gone neat!

"Why?" you dear readers cry in anguish. I will answer you, but first I suggest you sit down. (Come to think of it, not many people read a comic book standing up... unless they happen to be on a subway.) Are you ready?

RODNEY HAS A JOB!!!

It won't be easy for you to take this, and it wasn't easy for Rodney to make this horrible step. But he was motivated by something more important than personal pride. It was even more important than his old loyalties and way of life. It was hunger! The Purple Zen Den Coffee House would no longer let him charge his café espressos and beat burgers, and he was forced to look for work.

So our hero walked onto the lot of his new place of employment. A huge banner read, "HONEST ART'S USED CARS." (Don't believe all that you read. The last honest thing Art did was tell his real age in kindergarten.)

"Okay, kid. Are youse ready to go to woik?" Honest Art asked out of the corner of his dishonest mouth.

"Affirmative, noble purveyor of automotive transport," replied Rodney. "I am convinced that there is a particular conveyance appropriate to the business, social and financial position of every man, woman and teen-ager in this fair city of Bedrock," Rodney rambled on. "And, furthermore, I feel that..."

"Can the gab and sell cars," said Art, with a gentle nudge of his foot at the tail of Rodney's borrowed coat.

Soon, Rodney's first customer came along ... a quiet, little man who was looking at a racy Dino-Soar Eight sports car.

"I do not think you are the type for such a car," Rodney politely informed the man. "That car is for a man with more command and authority and zest for living."

Honest Art came, running over in a hurry as he heard Rodney. Imagine telling a customer **not** to buy a car!

The little man angrily took a wad of bills from his pocket and shoved them at Art.

"No young whippersnapper is going to tell me what I can and can't drive," he fumed. "I'm taking this car and nobody is stopping me!" And with that the little man paid for the sports car and drove off.

"Egad! You've discovered a wonderful selling principle. Tell people they can't have something instead of forcing it on them," said Art, pounding Rodney on the back.

"I will continue to tell the truth," our hero said modestly. "And please don't pound me on the back. It hurts my empty tummy."

But Rodney didn't have an empty tummy for long. His unique selling methods made him a lot of money, and he was able to buy all the best food at the Purple Zen Den.

But did all this wealth make him really and truly happy? Like, yeah... it sure did!

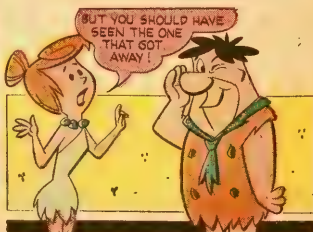
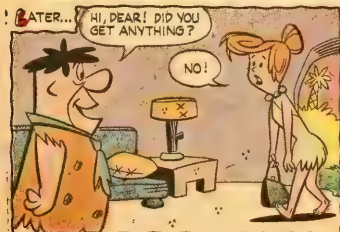
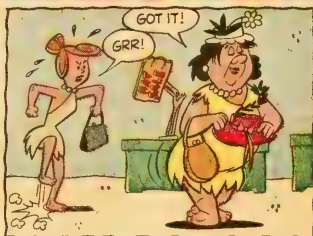
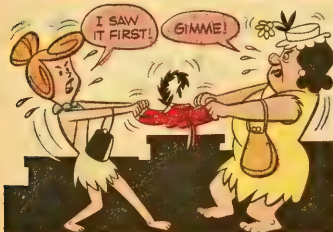
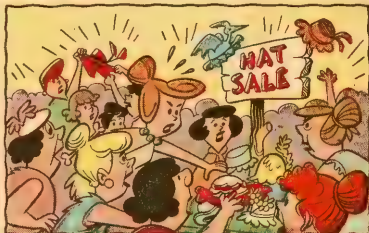
THE FLINTSTONES

FISHY STORY

BYE, FRED! I JUST HEARD THERE'S A BIG SALE ON HATS AT STONE'S STYLE SHOP!

BYE, WILMA!

HEH, HEH! WOMEN! THEY LAUGH AT MEN WHEN THEY DASH OFF TO A SPOT WHERE THEY HEAR THERE'S GOOD FISHING... BUT THEY DO THE SAME THING WITH HATS!

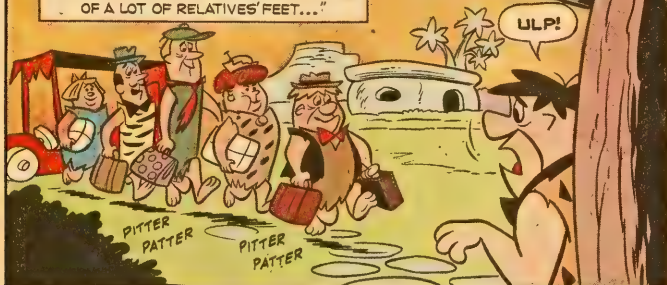


Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES

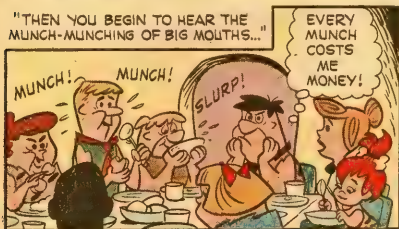
STRAINED RELATIONS

"WHEN A BABY IS BORN, YOU DON'T JUST HEAR THE PITTER-PATTER OF ITS LITTLE FEET! YOU ALSO HEAR THE PITTER-PATTER OF A LOT OF RELATIVES' FEET..."

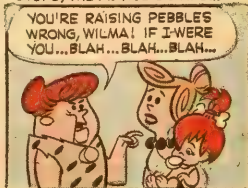
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BY POPULAR
DEMAND



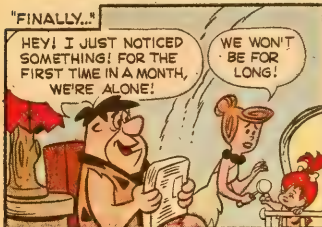
"THEN YOU BEGIN TO HEAR THE MUNCH-MUNCHING OF BIG MOUTHS..."



"AND WHEN THE MUNCHING STOPS, THE ADVICE BEGINS..."

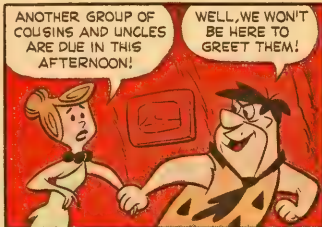


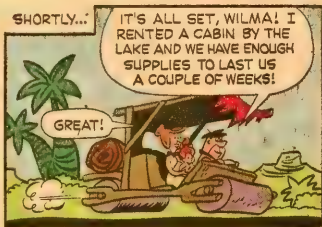
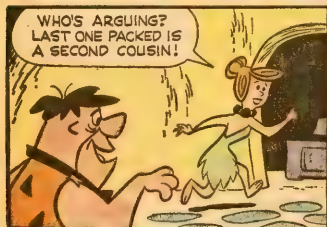
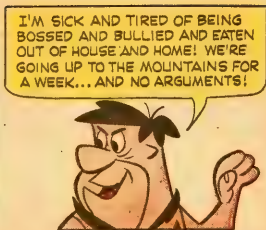
"FINALLY..."

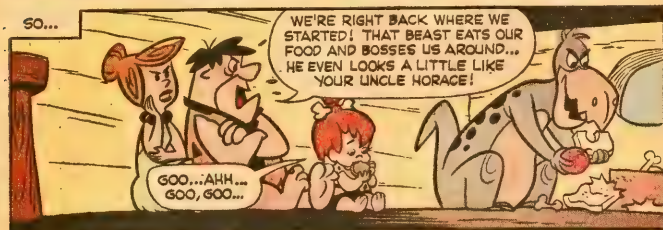
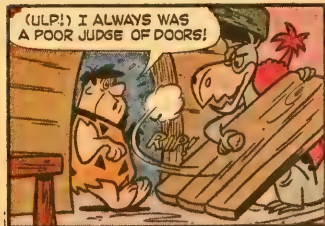
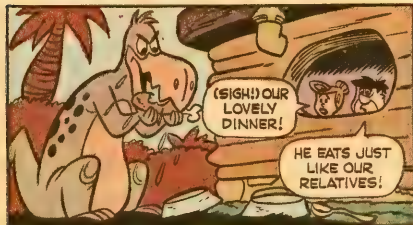
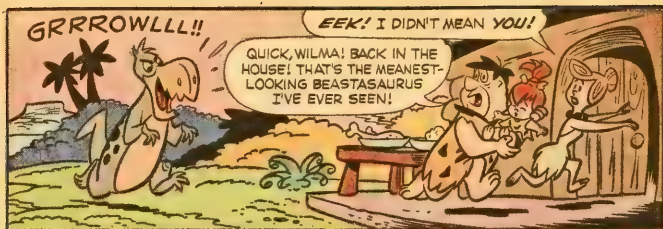


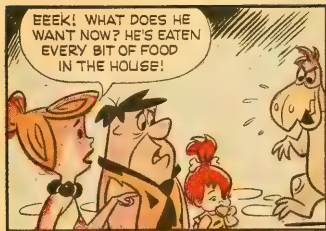
ANOTHER GROUP OF COUSINS AND UNCLES ARE DUE IN THIS AFTERNOON!

WELL, WE WON'T BE HERE TO GREET THEM!

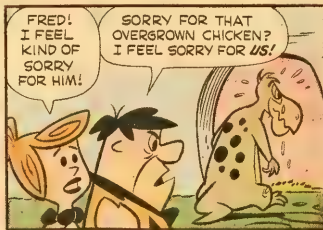
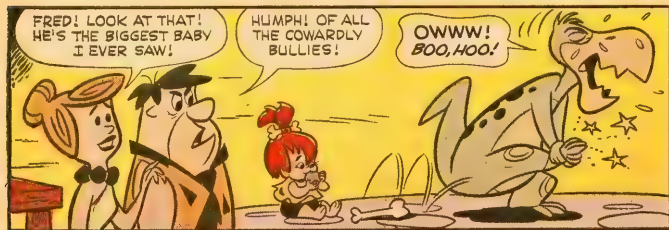
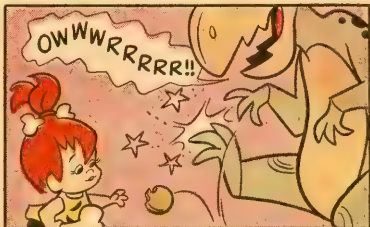
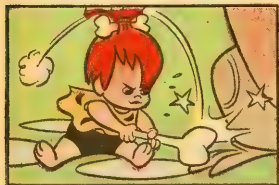


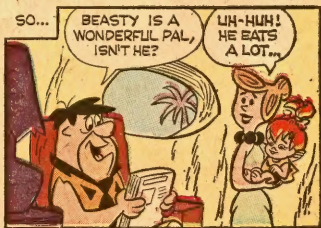
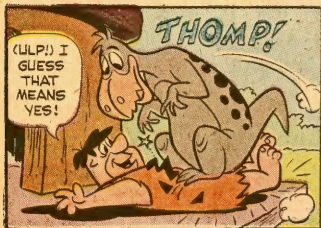






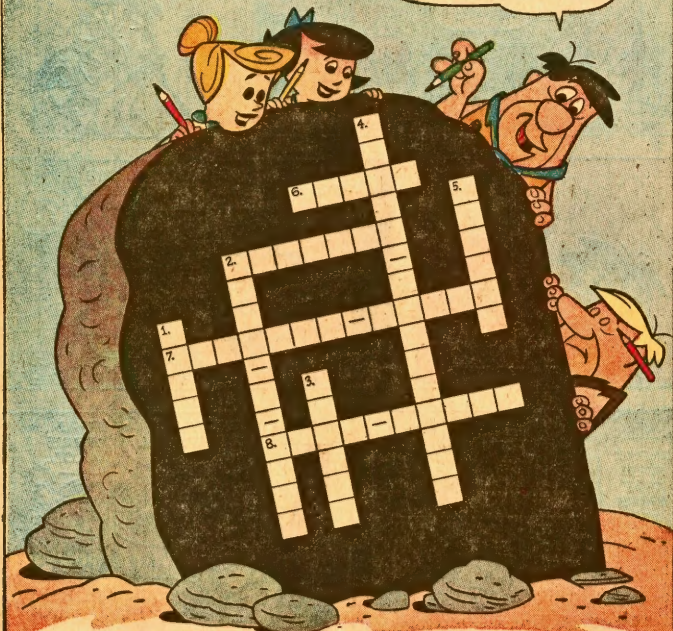
COOKIE SWIPING IS JUST TOO MUCH FOR A BABY TO BEAR...





STONE AGE CROSSWORD

EACH WORD IN THE PUZZLE
BELOW IS THE NAME OF
SOMETHING CONTAINING
THE WORD **ROCK**!



DOWN

1. AN EARTHEN
POT OR JAR.

4. THE CHIEF
MOUNTAIN SYSTEM
IN NORTH AMERICA.

2. MODERN
TEEN-AGE STYLE
OF DANCING.

5.

3.



ACROSS

2. WE SING IT
TO BABIES!

7.

6. A GOWN^o OR
DRESS.

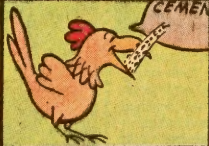
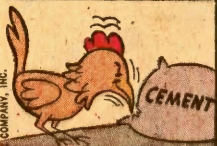
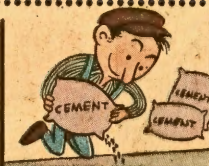


8. A KIND OF CANDY.

DOWN: 1. crack 2. rock'n'roll 3. rocker 4. Rocky Mountains 5. rocket
ACROSS: 6. rock candy 7. rocking horse 8. rock candy 9. SWEETNESS



MINI-COMICS





DINOSAURIA

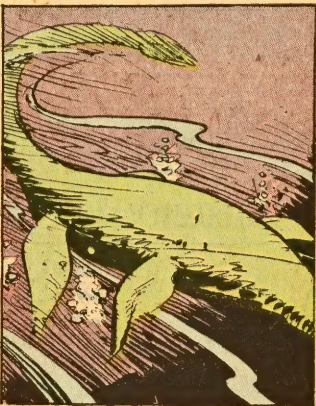
PLESIOSAUR



At the beginning of the Mesozoic Age about 190 million years ago, a huge flesh-eating sea dinosaur appeared in the prehistoric waters—the plesiosaur. It sometimes reached a length of over 40 feet, more than half of its size made up by its long, snake-like neck. Probably not a fast swimmer, the plesiosaur could not pursue the swift fish it preyed on and hope to catch up to them. But its long, flexible neck gave it the needed advantage to make it a successful underwater hunter. Its neck could lunge quickly at any passing prey twenty feet away!



The mouth of the plesiosaur's two-foot long head was lined with sharp teeth. It could shred any swimming prey and could crush hard-shelled molluscs with ease.



The plesiosaur's four limbs were fin-like paddles, stubby but powerful. It probably swam in a slow, stately manner. This species lasted for 70 million years.